

NATIONAL

WALTON
COMIC
BOOKS

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4

APRIL
No. 31

COMICS

10¢

EXTRA THRILLS
EXTRA EXCITE-
MENT IN THIS
ISSUE

UNCLE SAM
IN HIS GREATEST
ADVENTURE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The DOLL MAN

MIGHTY MITE!

IN A
COMPLETE
BOOK
OF
HIS
OWN

AND
EVERY
MONTH IN

THE
DOLL MAN
QUARTERLY

FEATURE
COMICS



DON'T WAIT! GET
YOUR COPY
NOW!!

AT YOUR
FAVORITE **10¢**
NEWSSTAND

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UNCLE SAM

I AM HAMID!
I, ALONE, KNOW THE
EARTHLY DESTINY PLOTTED
FOR EACH MAN BY THE
INEXORABLE LAWS OF
THE CRYSTAL BALL!
— TREMBLE, MORTAL
MAN, WHO DARES
DEFEY ME AND
MY OCCULT
SCIENCE!



By
AL
GABRIELE



LISBON! ... HOTBED OF INTRIGUE FOR THE SPIES AND DIPLOMATS OF THE WARRING NATIONS... BUT THE ONE EUROPEAN CITY WHERE NIGHTS ARE STILL GAY!



ACH!
I VISH VE
VAS IN
BERLIN
NOW!

LET'S GO SOMEPLACE
DIFFERENT NOW -
THESE CAFE'S
BORE
ME!

NAME DER
PLACE UND
VE GO DERE,
MY DEAR!

FOR SHAME, HERR KLEISTER!
DO YOU NOT KNOW DOT DER
FUEHRER ISS A SINCERE BELIEVER
IN ASTROLOGY?

YA? --ACH,
ISS DOT SO?
EXCUSE ME, BARON
VON HINDENTROP!



BARON VON HINDENTROP
UND HERR KLEISTER OF
DER CHERMAN EMBASSY
IN LISBON --- VE VISH
TO SEE HERR HAMID!

VERY WELL.
YOUR EXCELLENCY!
I WILL GIVE HIM
YOUR CARDS!

ASTROLOGY



"HAMID, THE FORTUNE
TELLER" - THEY SAY
ALL HIS PREDICTIONS
COME TRUE! LET'S
GO IN!

NONSENSE
- IT'S ALL
HUMBUG!

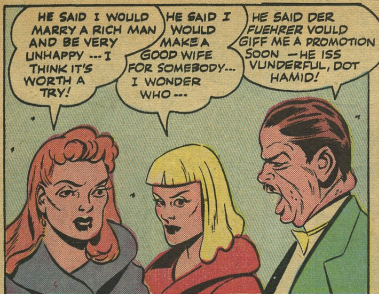
IN DOT CASE, IT ISS
DIFFERENT! - VE GO
IN AT VUNCE!



GENTLEMEN - IT IS ONLY
YOUR DISTINGUISHED
POSITIONS WHICH INDUCES
ME TO GRANT YOU THIS
INTERVIEW! NORMALLY
I CONCERN MYSELF ONLY
WITH THE DESTINIES
OF THE LEADERS
OF MANKIND!

WHAT A
CREEPY
PLACE!







AND ON THAT FATEFUL DAY --
THE 247TH GERMAN HUSSARS
REGIMENT WAS WIPE OUT!
JUST AS HAMID HAD PREDICTED!...

FEBRUARY
16

BOOM!

BOOM!

AND THE CONVOY TO
MURMANSK WAS
ATTACKED AND SUNK
BY THE GERMANS...

IN AMERICA...

THERE'S SOMETHING
STRANGE BEHIND
THIS FELLOW HAMID!
— AND I THINK,
BUDDY, WE'RE
GOING TO
LISBON!

I WAS
HOPING YOU'D
SAY THAT,
UNCLE
SAM!

YAH! -- MEIN
FUEHRER!
HAMID'S
PREDICTIONS
NEVER FAIL
TO COME
TRUE!

YOU
ARE SURE
OF
DIS?

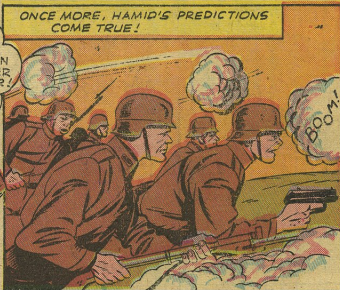
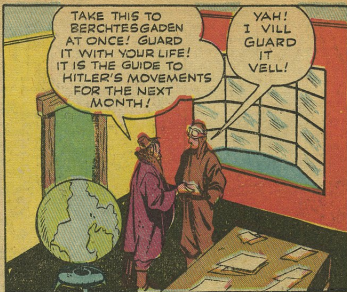
ASTROLOGERS!
PHOOEY!

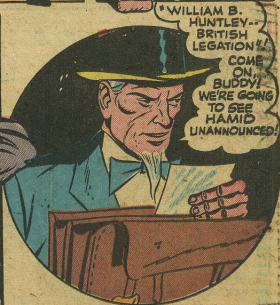
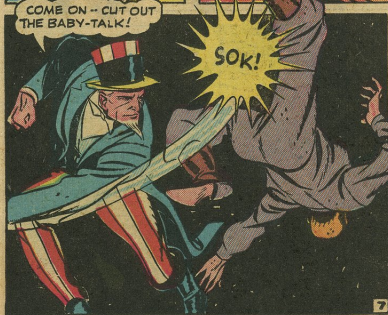
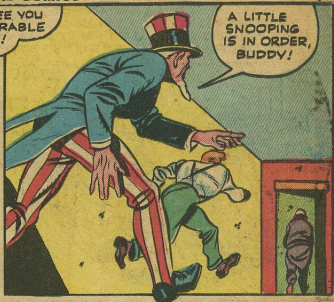
I TELL YA,
MEIN FUEHRER,
HAMID DOESN'T
KNOW ANYTHING
AT ALL -- COMPARED
TO ME!

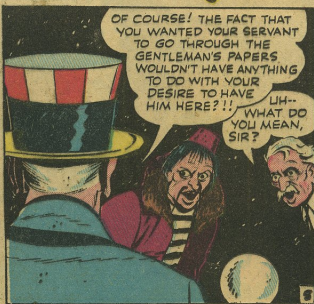
YOU BUM! YOU PREDICTED
I WOULD BE IN RUSSIA IN
THREE WEEKS ---
GIT OUT!
YOU'RE
FIRED

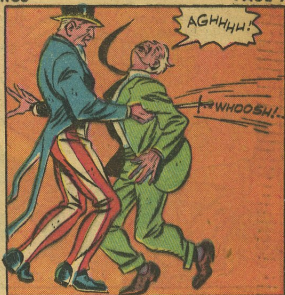
DER FUEHRER
OFFERS YOU
THE GREATEST
ASTROLOGICAL
LABORATORY IN DER
WORLD - ANYTHING
YOUR HEART
DESIRES!

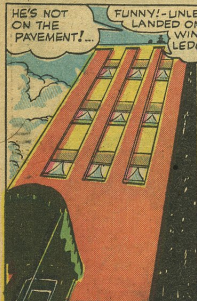
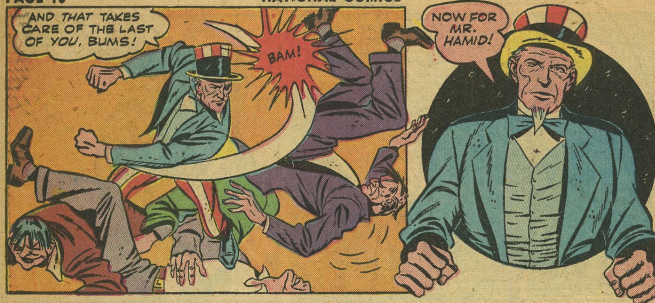
IF HE OFFERS
ME THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO LEARN MORE
ABOUT MY
SCIENCE,
I MUST
ACCEPT!

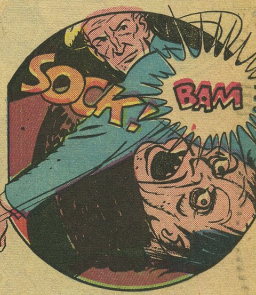








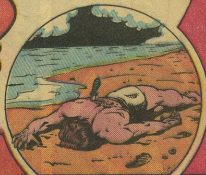
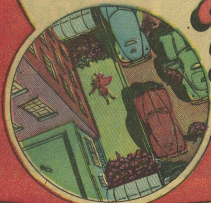
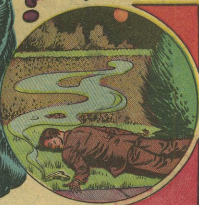




SALLY O'NEIL

POLICE-
WOMAN

By
AL. BRYANT



DEATH IN THE NIGHT!!

MYSTERIOUS! SUDDEN! TERRIBLE!

WHAT MADE MEN AND WOMEN CHOOSE SUICIDE WHEN THEY HAD EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR?

SOME SAID A WAVE OF MASS INSANITY WAS SWEEPING OVER THE CITY! A STRANGE PASSION FOR DEATH SEEMED TO HOLD THE GREAT METROPOLIS IN ITS STRANGLING GRIP! ... AND SALLY O'NEIL CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE WEIRD ENIGMA OF

"THE MEN WHO WANTED TO DIE!"

SALLY O'NEIL WASN'T SURE SHE HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS AT FIRST... IT WAS HARD TO TELL IN THE FOG THAT LAY LIKE A GREY, WET BLANKET OVER THE TYLER BRIDGE ...

STRANGE! I COULD ALMOST SWEAR SOMEONE WAS FOLLOWING ME!



SUDDENLY A MAN GOES
RACING BY SALLY...

HE'S HEADING FOR
THAT RAILING!



WAIT A MINUTE!



CAT-LIKE, THE MAN MAKES
HIS WAY TOWARD THE TOP-
MOST HEIGHT OF THE BRIDGE!



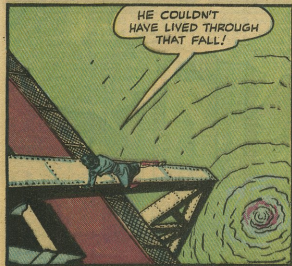
THE THINGS I WON'T DO TO
KEEP MY JOB! HE'S FALLING!
LOOK OUT!



IN THE CLEARING FOG THE
FIGURE OF THE FALLING MAN
IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST A
BIG YELLOW MOON!

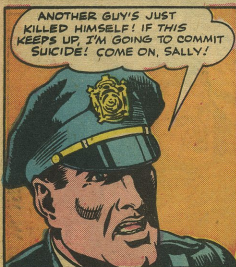
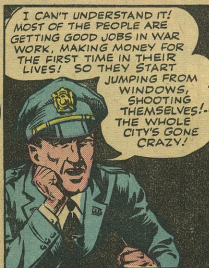
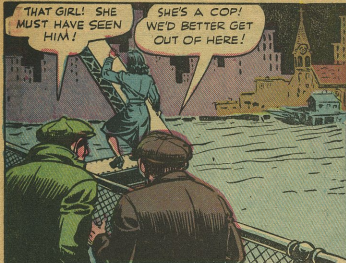


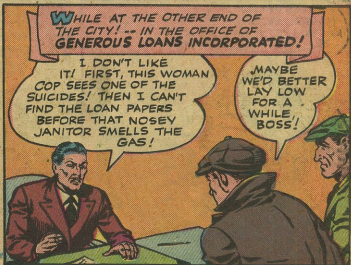
HE COULDN'T
HAVE LIVED THROUGH
THAT FALL!



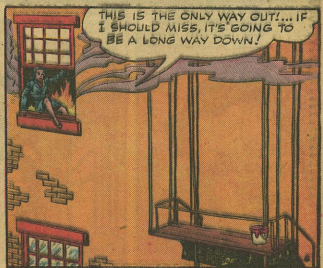
GUESS MY JOB ENDS HERE!
NOW TO GET BACK AGAIN!

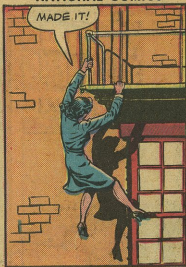












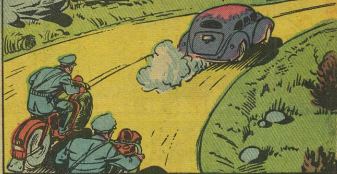
MINUTES LATER ... AFTER LOWERING HERSELF TO THE STREET BY PULLEY ROPE, SALLY PUTS THROUGH A RUSH CALL ...

HELLO, CHIEF! SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM FOR A SEDAN ... YOU WON'T HAVE TROUBLE FINDING IT! THERE'S RED PAINT ALL OVER THE ROOF! ... HEADING NORTH WHEN I LAST SAW IT ... AND IT HAS THE THREE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SO-CALLED SUICIDES!

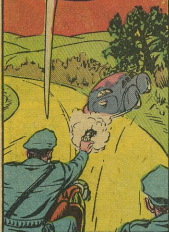


A LITTLE LATER ... WHEN THE CAR LEAVES THE TOWN, MOTOR POLICE TAKE UP THE CHASE! ...

STEP ON IT! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!



THAT GOT IT!



THAT'S THEIR FINISH!

I'LL CALL HEADQUARTERS AND LET THEM KNOW!



WE NABBED THEM! THEY'RE A LITTLE WORSE FOR WEAR -- BUT THEY'LL LIVE TO PAY THE FULL PENALTY FOR THEIR CRIMES! YOU DID A GREAT JOB ON THIS CASE, SALLY!

THANKS, CHIEF!



THEY WERE A VICIOUS RACKET! THEY MADE DEBTORS SIGN OVER THEIR INSURANCE POLICIES FOR THEIR LOANS! WHEN IT SEEMED THAT THE LOANS WERE ABOUT TO BE PAID BACK, THEY MURDERED THE POOR DEVILS AND COLLECTED ON THE INSURANCE!



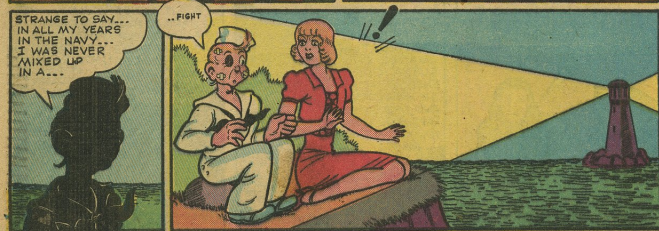
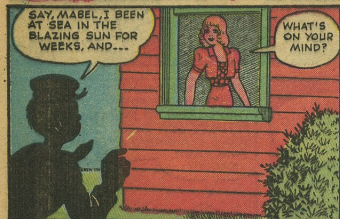
AND THEY SLIPPED WHEN THEY FAILED TO PUT FINGER PRINTS ON THAT GAS JET! THE DEAD MAN DIDN'T WEAR GLOVES ... BUT THE LEADER OF THE GANG DID! AND HE FORGOT TO TAKE THEM OFF WHEN IT COUNTED! THAT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO SEARCH THE APARTMENT AND FIND THE LOAN PAPERS --- AND YOU KNOW THE REST!



THAT FIRST SUICIDE I SAW REALLY WAS AN ACCIDENT! HE WAS KILLED WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE MEN WHO WERE TRYING TO MURDER HIM! ... BUT IT WON'T BE HARD TO PROVE TO A JUDGE AND JURY THAT THOSE OTHER "SUICIDES" REALLY WERE MURDER!

NO CROOKS SHOULD GO UP AGAINST YOU, SALLY! IT'S PRACTICALLY SUICIDE!





THE UNKNOWN



GREECE SQUIRMS UNDER THE MERCILESS NAZI HEEL...



SUDDENLY...



A FEW DAYS PASS ...
THE NAZI WIRES HUM
IN BERLIN ...

A TRICK-MUSTACHED
LITTLE FANATIC
PRESSES MYRIAD
BUTTONS -- SCREAMS
WILD, HYSTERICAL
ORDERS!

BECAUSE ON THAT
TRAIN WAS A
REGIMENT OF
ELITE GUARDS --
THE "DEATH'S-HEAD"
MEN OF ADOLPH
HITLER'S PERSONAL
BODY-GUARDS! ...

MEANWHILE, THE WRETCHED LITTLE TOWN
OF XENO, THE TOWN NEAREST THE
RAILROAD, IS SWEEPED BY A FEARFUL
RUMOR ... THE CAFE BUZZES WITH
TERRIFIED WHISPERS! ...



THE SWINGING DOORS PART
AND A STRANGER ENTERS
THE SMOKE-FILLED CAFE ...



I HEAR THEY
WERE ALL
KILLED --
EVERYONE!

SO? ... THAT
IS GOOD!
GOOD FOR THE
NAZI MURDERERS!

WAIT! BY THE
DOOR -- WHO IS
HE? -- THAT
STRANGE
MAN?



SUDDENLY
WITHOUT
WARNING...

W-WHO ARE
Y-YOU? W-WHY
DO YOU STARE
AT US?

W-WE HAVE DONE NOTHING!
WE ARE PEACEFUL PEASANTS
-- WHY DON'T YOU
SPEAK?

I AM
A
FRIEND!

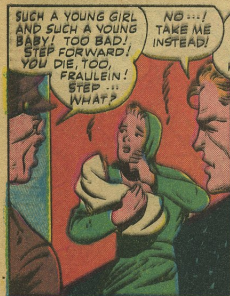


ACHTUNG!
UP WITH YOUR
HANDS -- YOU
GREEK DOGS!
UP!

SCHNELL!
FAST!





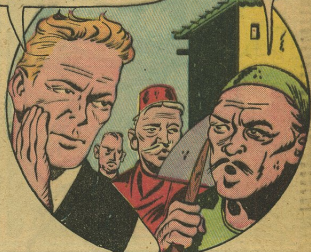


AND SO ... OUT OF THE WEeping TOWN TRUDGES A LONG LINE OF GREEK PEASANTS, YOUNG AND OLD, SICK AND WELL, ALL INNOCENT OF ANY CRIME OTHER THAN LOVE OF FREEDOM! --ALL GOING TO A COMMON RENDEZVOUS ... DEATH!!!



DON'T TURN! PASS ALONG THIS WORD TO THE OTHERS! WHEN THEY STOP US AT THEIR CHOSEN SPOT, WE ...

WHAT ...? OH, YES, YES -- I PASS IT!



DOWN THE LINE, SECRETLY, ON TREMBLING LIPS, A WHISPERED MESSAGE IS PASSED!

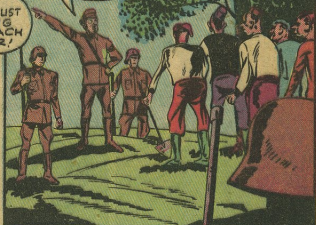
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SPEAK UP!

OH! OH--NOTHING! JUST BLESSING EACH OTHER!

WE WERE JUST PRAYING FOR EACH OTHER!



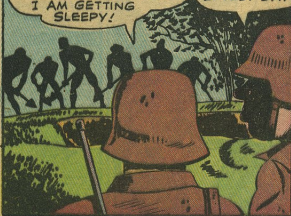
THAT'S THE SPOT! NOW START DIGGING... YOUR OWN GRAVES!



WITH HEAVY HEARTS, THE PEASANTS START DIGGING ... BUT SUCH A HUGE GRAVE TAKES TIME!

ACH! THESE DOGS ARE CLUMSY WORKERS! I AM GETTING SLEEPY!

JA! AND IT IS SUCH A LOVELY DAY!

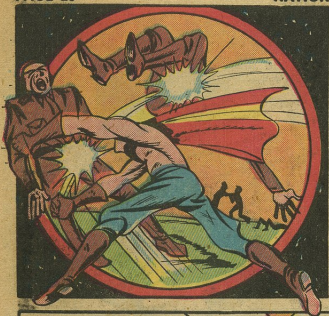


AND THEN ... WITHOUT WARNING! ...

ONTO THEM PATRIOTS!

WH-WHAT ...? HIMMEL! IT IS THE UNKNOWN!



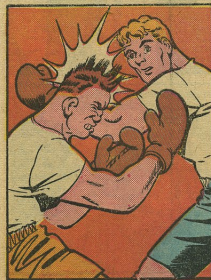
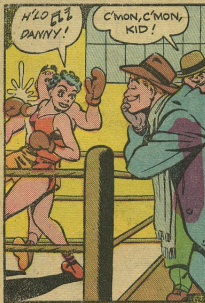


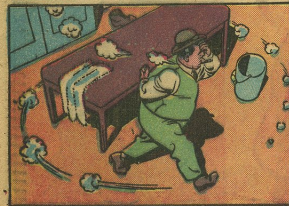
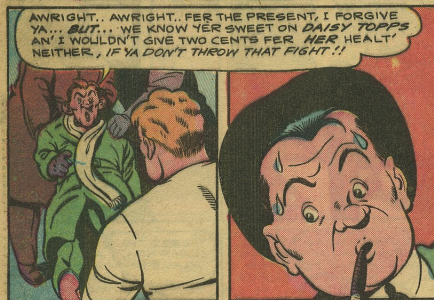
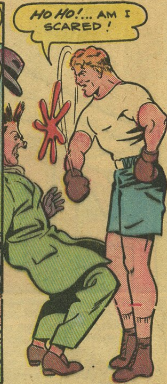
AND THEN...
AS
MYSTERIOUSLY
AS HE CAME!
--THE
UNKNOWN
AGAIN
VANISHES
INTO
THE
UNKNOWN!



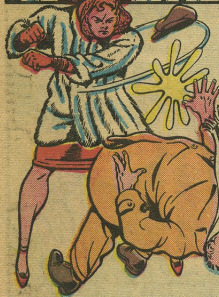
By Bob Reinolds

KID DIXON











WINDY BREEZE



CHAMPION

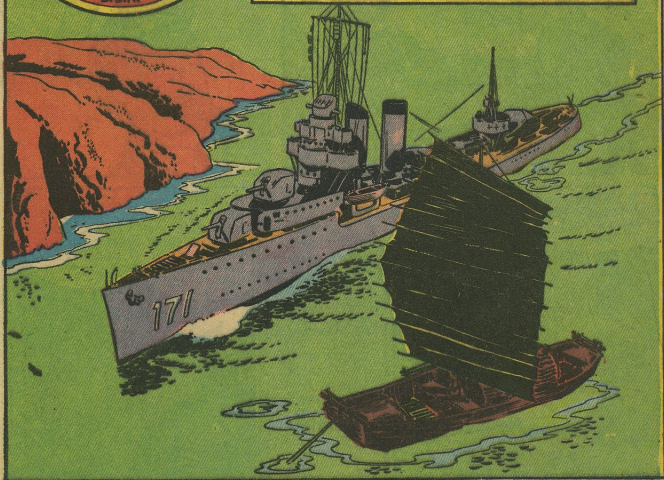
LIAR

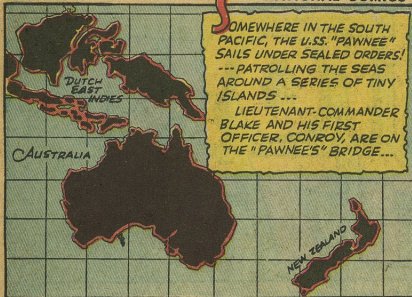


Destroyer 171

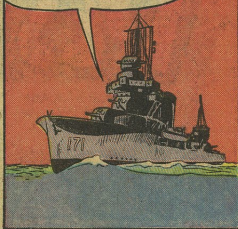


JUST WHAT **IS** A TRULY INCREDIBLE SITUATION? COMMANDER BLAKE, AT THE HELM OF THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE," HAS MASTERED HUNDREDS OF STRANGE ADVENTURES. BUT WHEN THE HARD-HITTING, SEA-GOING DESTROYER FINDS ITSELF LOCKED IN A DEADLY DUEL-TO-THE-DEATH WITH A COLUMN OF LAND TANKS!! WELL, READ ON ...!



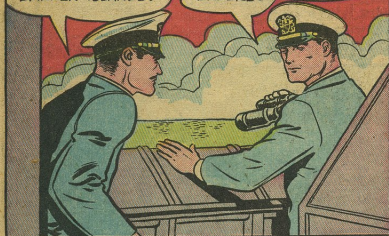


I'M NOT QUESTIONING ORDERS, SIR, BUT IN THIS PARTICULAR DISTRICT WE'RE AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING!



WHAT CAN WE EXPECT TO FIND OUT HERE AMONG THESE BARREN ISLANDS?

POSSIBLY NOTHING! THIS IS PERHAPS MERE ROUTINE, BUT STILL WE'RE OBEYING ORDERS!

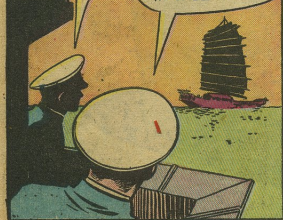


OUR OPERATIVES MAY HAVE WIND OF SOMETHING --AND, SO ---- SAY! -- WHAT'S THAT ON OUR PORT BEAM?---



A NATIVE JUNK! --WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SIR?

IT MAY BE HARMLESS ENOUGH BUT WE'D BETTER CHECK UP, JUST IN CASE ---

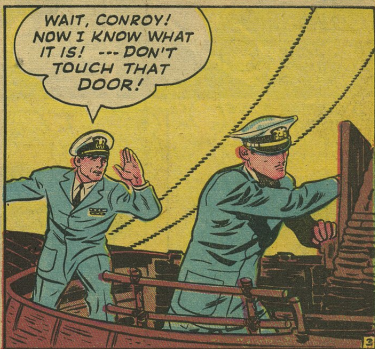


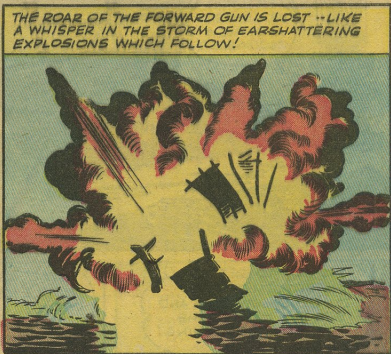
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON ONE OF THE SURROUNDING ISLANDS, MANY PAIRS OF HOSTILE EYES OBSERVE THE DESTROYER "PAWNEE" WITH THE MOST AVID INTEREST!...

IT IS SO! SEE! --EVEN NOW THE YANKEE SHIP STOPS TO INVESTIGATE THE JUNK!

BUT, OF COURSE ... DID I NOT SO CLEVERLY PLAN IT SO?







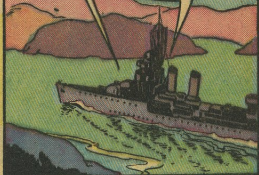
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE BEHIND THAT! I'M CONVINCED IT WAS TO FORESTALL SOME POSSIBLE DISCOVERY!

YES! THAT'S IT! ...SOMETHING THE JAPANESE ARE DESPERATELY TRYING TO HIDE!

WHATEVER IT IS, WE'RE GOING TO DRAG IT OUT INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY! HEAD INTO THE COVE!

THE WATER'S GETTING SHALLOW, SIR!

CONROY! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S BEYOND THAT RISE OF LAND!



THAT'S EASY, SIR! I'LL GO UP PERSONALLY AND SEE!

GREAT GUNS! IT LOOKS LIKE ---!

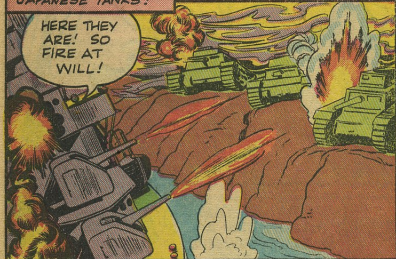
AS CONROY BRINGS THE POWERFUL BINOCULARS INTO FOCUS, THE SHADOWY SCENE LEAPS TO STARTLING CLARITY! CLEVERLY HIDDEN FROM THE AIR, AND ONLY AWAITING TRANSPORTS ----

JAPANESE TANKS! ALL SET FOR A SNEAK OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE ALLIED BASE!





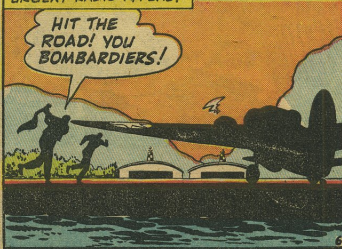
THE OPENING BURST HERALDS THE BEGINNING OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST BATTLES EVER TO TAKE PLACE ON LAND OR SEA! ... THE U.S. DESTROYER LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH A COLUMN OF JAPANESE TANKS!



THE TIDE IS DROPPING RAPIDLY, SIR! NO CHANCE OF OUR RETREATING! YET, IF WE REMAIN HERE TILL WE'RE STRANDED, THOSE DEVILS WILL -----



MINUTES LATER, AN AMERICAN AIRFIELD IS GALVANIZED INTO ACTION BY THE DESTROYER'S URGENT RADIO APPEAL!



WE GOTTA MAKE TIME!
DESTROYER "171" REPORTS
HERSELF IN A CRITICAL
POSITION! WE
HEAD DUE WEST!



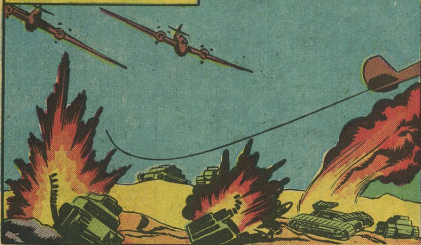
AMERICAN
BOMBERS!
QUICK! -- WE
MUST DISPERSE!
SEEK
SHELTER!



GET 'EM, BOYS!
THE WAY THOSE
JAP TANKS ARE
BUNCHED
TOGETHER,
YOU CAN'T
MISS!



THE JAP TANKS MAKE A VAIN ATTEMPT TO SCATTER! ---
THEIR MAD SCRAMBLE TURNS TO WILD CONFUSION!!
NOT ONE ESCAPES THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION THAT
RAINS FROM ABOVE!!!



A
SHORT
TIME
LATER...

WE CAN PICK
UP ANCHOR AND
LEAVE NOW! BUT
ANOTHER HALF-HOUR
AND WE'D HAVE
BEEN HIGH AND
DRY!



THE WAY THOSE YANKS
MOPPED UP THAT PACK
OF LITTLE SNEAK-THIEVES
WAS A SIGHT
TO SEE!



LOOK! HE'S GIVING
US A WING-TIP
SALUTE!

YOU CAN DEPEND
ON MEN LIKE
THAT! SO LONG,
BOYS!







THAT NIGHT AT THE KID PATROL CLUBROOM

..AND THE COP SAID THE MAN WAS KILLED BY A BULLET!

BUT NUTSY HAS A TOY GUN! WHERE DID THE SHOT COME FROM?

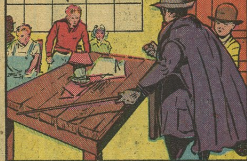


VERY GOOD! IF YOU BOYS WERE SO SURE NUTSY KILLED A MAN WITH A TOY GUN... WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT HIM TO THE POLICE!?



BECAUSE, I DON'T THINK NUTSY KILLED HIM WITH THAT TOY!

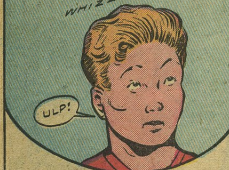
SO... IT'S A TOY, EH? ... SHOW THEM, NUTSY!



I GOT A REAL GUN... BOOM... BOOM!

WHIZZZZZZ

ULP!



GOSH, TEDDY, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WHO'D THINK THAT NUTSY COULD JUST SAY SOMETHING AND A BULLET JUMPS OUT! C'MON, GANG, WERE GOING VISITING!



WHAT'S THE IDEA... COMING TO THIS CREEPY OLD SHACK?

QUIET! YOU'LL SEE... I TRAILED THAT GUY TO THIS PLACE AFTER THE MURDER! C'MON... AND NO NOISE!!



DIS SHO'AM SERVICE... THE DOOR JUST OPENED BY ITSELF!

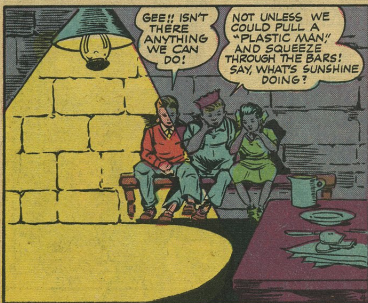
UH... YES... WELL, I'D RATHER OPEN THE DOOR MYSELF!

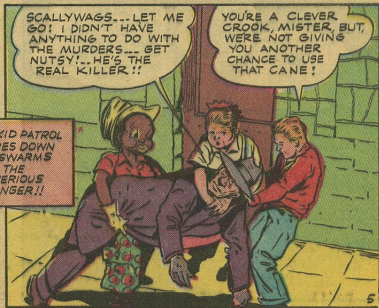
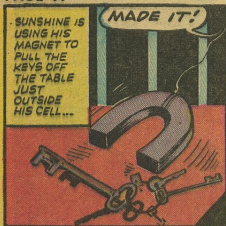


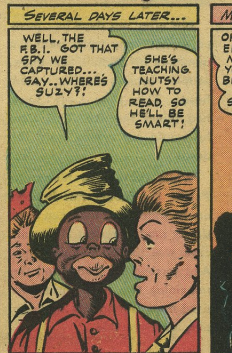
YES... MAYBE ???



THE SLIDING STAIRCASE LEADS INTO A CELL, THE DOOR OF WHICH IS SLAMMED SHUT AND LOCKED...







YANKEE SPIRIT

"GAS getting low."

A few minutes after this cryptic message went out on the ether waves last October 21st, the huge plane from which it emanated began losing altitude. First its port motor, then the starboard motor conked out.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew of valiant Army men looked down into the green depths of the south Pacific, and knew that their time had probably come.

The pilot clung to the controls of the "dead" ship and went into a long glide. The waves rushed up at them. The plane smacked down on the water and began listing. It wouldn't be long now till she went to the bottom.

The men hastily broke out the rubber life rafts and set in motion the carbon-dioxide inflating apparatus.

Then they went overside.

Besides Rick, there were three other men on the raft: Colonel Adamson, Private John Bartek, and Sergeant Kaczmarczyk. The other three members of Rickenbacker's crew took to another raft.

The rafts became separated in the night. Days passed, days of torture and blinding sunshine. The heat was intense, and there was only a small supply of water and food. Hope dwindled for the lives of the seven men. The ocean held its grim

secret, while family and friends mourned, and hoped, and then almost gave up all hope.

In the breasts of a few persons hope would not be stilled. There was the famous luck of Captain Eddie. On February 26, 1941, the flying ace was aboard one of his own company's planes when it crashed near Atlanta, Georgia. Rick was pinned under the gasoline-soaked wreckage for more than six hours before rescue came. And while his family and friends stood at his hospital bed, Rick grinningly told them, "It looks like they've got to shoot me to get rid of me."

Lady Luck has ridden with Captain Rickenbacker all his amazing life. As the greatest ace of the first World War, he came through many hair-raising escapades because of that astonishing "luck."

But after ten days had passed without any word from the members of Eddie's last flight, people began shaking their heads. This time Lady Luck had failed the ace. This time he would not return from the dead!

While far out in the south Pacific the rubber raft bobbed on the waters and four men went slowly mad. Sergeant Kaczmarczyk was the first to succumb. And sorrowfully Eddie and the remaining two men buried the dead man. Buried him by dropping him overside.

On the other raft were Lieutenant James Whitaker, Lieutenant John Deangelis and Staff Sergeant James Reynolds. They fared better. After a few days of floating they were washed up on a small spit of land near the Phoenix Islands.

On Rickenbacker's raft, Private Bartek took sick and this was added worry for Rick and Adamson.

More days passed interminable days of heat and thirst and dreadful waiting and hoping. There was probably little hope in the breasts of Rick's party. This vast expanse of ocean boasted no islands. Nor were there any ships. Just an enormous stretch of green, heaving water, waiting to engulf them. And sharks.

Then, on the 23rd day, and presumably on the 13th—Friday!—a big Catalina flying boat sighted Rick's raft and landed on the water. In a few minutes the three men were aboard the craft and in the air. Private Bartek was given better attention and will recover. The other members of Rickenbacker's crew have all been rescued.

Unlike the fate of so many other intrepid flyers who have gone down in the Pacific, this rescue is outstanding.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's "luck" still holds good!

It is the hope of a certain group that someday many more

"lost" flyers will be found on unknown islands in the Pacific. That would be a great day for aviation.

Another thrilling drama of the current war is well worth retelling. It is the modern "Message to Garcia." It is a story of commando fearlessness and a saga of war that will go down in history as an outstanding example of bravery and clever maneuvering.

The spy thriller began one rainy night when Major General Mark Clark and several other officers secretly left London by train. Then by devious means the mission reached North Africa.

By agreement, a light was to be flashed in a house in Africa at a certain spot, and at a selected hour, to give Clark and his party the all-clear signal and advise them to make themselves known.

At the appointed hour no light was shown and the party, always in extreme danger, had to wait until the second rendezvous hour.

The light finally appeared and the Clark party showed itself out of the dark to the owner of the house who had taken the precaution to send his Arab servants away.

The house was filled with French military officers in uniform, although they had come in civilian clothes.

"We conferred all day and night," reports Major General Clark, "until we had gathered all the information we wanted."

Meanwhile Arab servants

had decided that something suspicious was afoot and had gone to the Axis-controlled Vichy police. The conference of American and French officers received word that police were on the way.

"I never saw such excitement in my life," Clark laughingly says. "Maps disappeared like lightning. A French general in military uniform changed into civilian clothes in a minute flat and dived through a window. They were going in all directions."

Clark and his staff gathered up their papers and guns and hid in the empty wine cellar as police talked to the owner of the house over their heads.

One of the Commando officers whispered, "I'm afraid if I hold this cough back any longer I'll choke."

"I'm afraid you won't choke," Clark joked.

The tall American general crouched in the damp cellar with a pistol in one hand and 15,000 francs in his pocket.

"If the police came down I was undecided whether to shoot them or bribe them," says Clark.

After spending an hour hidden away, the police departed. The mission members decided that it was no time to linger and, gathering their papers together, they left.

It was then that they lost their pants and shirts and practically everything else when their boats capsized crossing some rough water nearby. The party scrambled ashore with only their papers and under-

clothes, and hid in the woods during the day, alternately shivering and walking.

Finally they reached a secret destination where a transport whisked them out of Africa. Even then their mission remained a secret. They reached London just eight days after the start of the journey.

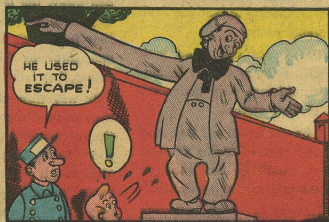
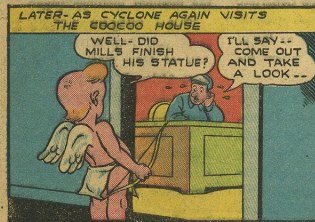
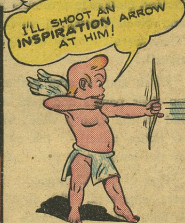
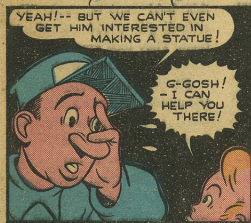
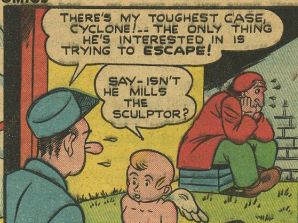
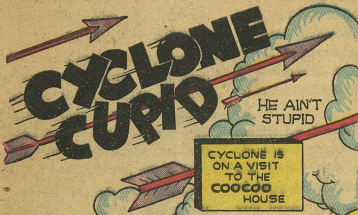
Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower, who had planned this bold venture, says, "I'm exceedingly proud of all of them. They took great risks and accomplished their work."

All the men taking part in the mission, including the Commandos who played a large part in its success, will be recommended for decorations.

An International News Service correspondent, whose report was furnished to the press by the military pooling of communication facilities, said that Clark's mission brought back complete plans of all French military installations in North Africa, dispositions of troops who were friendly and could be depended upon, numbers of troops and equipment, and every arrangement for the airfields outside Algiers to be delivered to American Air Forces the moment landings began.

This amazing secret trek is in great part responsible for the rout of Nazi Rommel's army from Africa. It could only have been accomplished by American genius and Yankee guts.

All over the world today, Yankee guts is making history. It has been making history since the landing of the Pilgrims.



QUICKSILVER

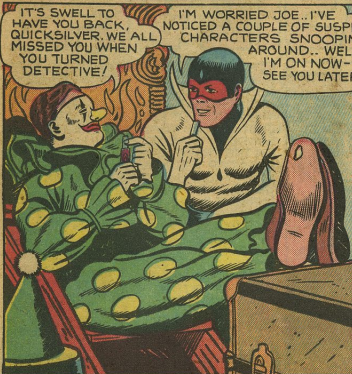
QUICKSILVER, THE FORMER CIRCUS PERFORMER WHO MADE GOOD AS A CRIME BUSTER BY USING HIS AMAZING SPEED AND ACROBATIC ABILITY TO OVERCOME THE FORCES OF EVIL AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE, HAS AGAIN RETURNED TO THE SAWDUST TRAIL TO RENEW HIS TALENTS ON THE TRAPEZE... ALTHOUGH GLAD TO BE UNDER THE SPANGLED BIG TOP AND AWAY FROM THE GANGSTER RIDDEN UNDERWORLD, LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE THAT LURKING IN THE VERY SHADOWS OF THE TANBARK, SKULKS A PAIR OF CROOKS WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE IN THE DARKNESS!

...AND NOW ON WITH THIS GRIPPING STORY OF RETRIBUTION AND THE CORPSE WHO WOULDN'T STAY BURIED!



IN HIS DRESSING ROOM IN "CLOWN ALLEY" QUICKSILVER RELAXES A MOMENT WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN OF OGDENSBURG, I GIVE YOU QUICKSILVER, THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACROBAT!



IT'S SWELL TO HAVE YOU BACK, QUICKSILVER. WE ALL MISSED YOU WHEN YOU TURNED DETECTIVE!

I'M WORRIED JOE.. I'VE NOTICED A COUPLE OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS SNOOPING AROUND... WELL I'M ON NOW-- SEE YOU LATER!



BUT IN THE AUDIENCE THERE ARE TWO WHO DO NOT CHEER!

WHEE! LOOK AT HIM FLY!

THAT'S QUICKSILVER, FLOSSIE! THE ONE GUY WE GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR... BUT A SLUG FROM MY #45 WILL STOP HIM LIKE ANY OTHER SUCKER!

THIS IS THE LIFE... THAT APPLAUSE IS MUSIC TO MY EARS!



TAKE IT EASY, BABY! THEY'VE TAKEN IN PLenty OF DOUGH AND WE'RE RIGHT NEAR OUR HIDEOUT... TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT LET'S GO!

AT LAST.. I'VE RE-HEARSED MY PART SO MUCH I COULD DO IT WITH MY EYES CLOSED! MEET YOU AT THE DOCKS AS SOON AS I TAKE CARE OF THE LIGHTS!

LISTEN, SMOKEY! WE'VE BEEN CASING THIS SHOW LONG ENOUGH! IF I SEE IT ONCE MORE I'LL SCREAM!



IN THE CIRCUS LIGHT CONTROL TENT...



NOW FOR THE SWITCH!



IMMEDIATELY THE ENTIRE CIRCUS IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS AND THE PANIC IS ON!

WHAT IS IT, A BLACKOUT?

I DIDN'T HEAR ANY SIRENS!

EEEEEE!



THIS IS NO BLACKOUT! IT'S THOSE CROOKS! I'M GOING OVER TO THE TREASURER'S TENT!



AND I'M WITH YOU, QUICKSILVER!

LOOK! THERE'S A GUY--

OUTA MY WAY, SUCKER!



JOE! YOU'RE HURT!

NEVER MIND ME! GET THAT CROOK.. HE WENT OUT THE BACK WAY.. THE SHOW MUST GO ON.. AAAAAA



YOU BET I'LL GET THAT KILLER..THERE HE GOES IN THAT CAR -WITH HIS MOLL!

STEP ON IT!



PUTTING ON A TERRIFIC BURST OF SPEED, QUICKSILVER MANAGES TO KEEP THE FLEEING CROOKS IN SIGHT!



THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE WATER!

IN A MOMENT HE REACHES THE DOCKS ON THE SAINT LAWRENCE RIVER!



SO LONG, WISE GUY!

AT LEAST THOSE CROOKS NEED AN AUTO AND A SPEEDBOAT TO GET AWAY FROM ME!

...MAYBE I CAN FIND A BOAT.

WELL, THIS CANOE IS BETTER THAN NOTHING BUT IT'S CERTAINLY NO MATCH FOR THEIR MOTOR BOAT!



QUICKSILVER WILL NEVER CATCH UP WITH US NOW! IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT CLOWN I WOULD HAVE PLUGGED THAT GUY FOR KEEPS!



NOBODY'LL FIND US IN OUR HIDEOUT EITHER. BUNKING IN THE "THOUSAND ISLANDS" IS A SMART IDEA!

THE UNEQUAL CHASE CONTINUES DOWN THE SAINT LAWRENCE BUT FINALLY QUICKSILVER LOSES HIS QUARRY IN THE MAZE OF ISLANDS THAT DOT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER AND LAKE ONTARIO.



I CAN'T FIND THEIR BOAT ALONG EITHER SHORE SO THEY MUST BE ON ONE OF THESE ISLANDS! IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME TO SMOKE THEM OUT!

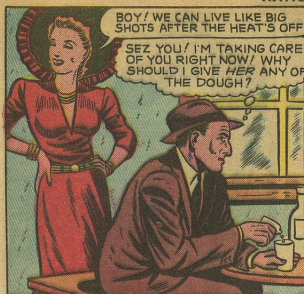
NICE PLACE FOR A VACATION...A WEEK ON EACH ISLAND! HA-HA!



MEANWHILE SMOKEY AND FLOSSIE REACH THEIR ISLAND HIDEOUT!

HERE WE ARE-AND WE'VE GOT ENOUGH SUPPLIES IN THERE TO LAST US UNTIL THIS THING BLOWS OVER!





BUT IN THE MORNING FLOSSIE SITS AT THE TABLE..MOTIONLESS, SPEECHLESS, STARING!

F-FLOSSIE! HOW DID YOU?...S-SHE'S STIFF AS A BOARD! BRRRR..I-I NEED A DRINK!



FORTIFIED BY FALSE COURAGE, SMOKEY SUMMONS UP NERVE TO AGAIN BURY HIS EX-GUN MOLL



AFTER BURYING FLOSSIE A THIRD TIME SMOKEY IS AFRAID TO GO TO BED!



NIGHT FALLS AND SMOKEY SPENDS A NIGHT OF GRISLY DREAMS, WAKING ONCE, CHILLED TO THE HEART WITH WHAT HE TOOK TO BE A COLD SWEAT /... IN THE MORNING HE GETS UP!

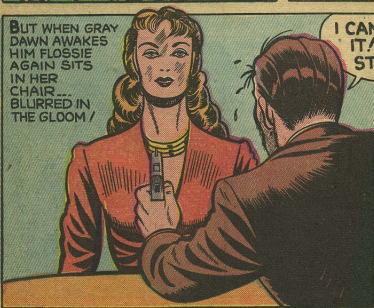
WHAT A NIGHT! I'M AFRAID TO LOOK OUT THE DOOR!



FIGHTING AGAINST SLEEP, SMOKEY SITS OPPOSITE THE EMPTY CHAIR...EXHAUSTION OVERCOMES HIM...



BUT WHEN GRAY DAWN AWAKES HIM FLOSSIE AGAIN SITS IN HER CHAIR...BLURRED IN THE GLOOM!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT QUICKSILVER DISCOVERS THE COTTAGE!



TWO SHOTS FROM THAT HOUSE AND NO SLUGS CAME MY WAY /...I WONDER...



CAUTIOUSLY, QUICKSILVER OPENS THE DOOR /

THEY'RE BOTH DEAD...MURDER AND SUICIDE... I HEARD THE SHOTS /



HUH / THIS WOMAN'S BEEN DEAD A COUPLE DAYS... SHE ISN'T BLEEDING AND HER HAIR'S FULL OF SAND... BUT THAT KILLER IS STILL WARM...SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS GOING ON AROUND HERE...I'LL INVESTIGATE /



BEWILDERED, QUICKSILVER LOOKS AROUND THE HOUSE.

HERE'S A GRAVE / AND FROM THESE FOOTPRINTS IT LOOKS LIKE THIS CROOK BURIED HIS WIFE AND THEN DUG HER UP.. BUT WHY?

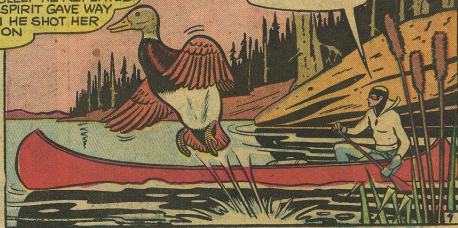


HMM - A BOTTLE OF POISON TABLETS IN HIS POCKET. THIS EXPLAINS HER DEATH!.. NOW I'M GETTING SOMEWHERE /



AS I FIGURE IT, HE POISONED HER SO HE COULD HAVE ALL THE SWAG...BUT HE MUST HAVE BEEN A SLEEP-WALKER AND THE NERVOUS HORROR OF HIS CRIMES CAUSED HIM TO UNCONSCIOUSLY DIG UP HIS WIFE AND PUT HER IN HER ACCUSTOMED CHAIR / EACH NIGHT IN HIS SLEEP HE REPEATED THE EXHUMATION UNTIL HIS SPIRIT GAVE WAY UNDER THE STRAIN... THEN HE SHOT HER AND TURNED THE GUN ON HIMSELF /

THE LAW DID NOT NEED TO EXACT PUNISHMENT IN THIS CASE. HIS OWN WEAKNESS WAS HIS DOWNFALL / AND NOW I'LL RETURN THE STOLEN MONEY TO THE CIRCUS AND NOTIFY THE POLICE /





CAPTAIN
DON LEASH, OF
THE UNITED STATES
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
DIVISION, BECOMES DYNAMIC
G-2! --- DREAD HUNTER
OF SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
--- AND HUNTER OF
OTHERS WHO ARE A
THREAT TO THE
SECURITY OF
AMERICA!

FILE # 13457
**Case No. 5...
The Mystery of The
Baskerville
Twins!...**

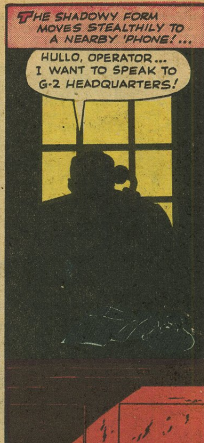
NOT TOO
MANY YEARS AGO,
THE BASKERVILLE
BROTHERS
HAD AN ACT
IN A CIRCUS,
BUT THE LURE
OF MONEY
DREW THEM
INTO A MORE
FASCINATING
GAME...
ROBBERY!
TONIGHT,
THEY DISCUSS
A SERIOUS
QUESTION...

I TELL
YOU, BAGBY,
WE CAN'T GIVE
UP THIS --ER--
NEW PLAN!

SORRY, BELFRY -- I
DON'T QUITE AGREE
WITH YOU! I NEVER
THOUGHT THAT THE
BASKERVILLE
BROTHERS WOULD
BE TRAITORS!

MY, MY, BAGBY!
THAT'S PUTTING IT
A LITTLE HARSHLY!
---LET'S SAY WE'RE
JUST MAKING MORE
CASH THAN WE
EVER DID
BEFORE!

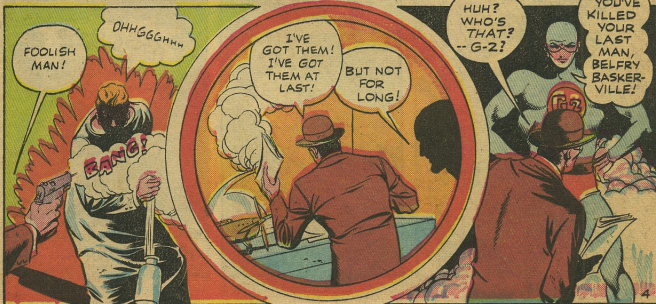


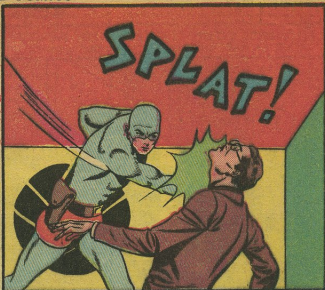


MOMENTS LATER ... WE SEE BELFRY BASKERVILLE ENTER THE TITAN CHEMICAL WORKS...



5 INSIDE ... A KNOCK IS HEARD AT THE DOOR! ...





BELFRY, UNDER COVER OF COMPLETE BLACKNESS, RACES FROM THE CHEMICAL PLANT AND INTO THE STREET!

MADE IT!
—LEFT HIM
BACK THERE
IN THE
DARK!

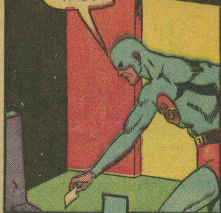


MEANWHILE, G-2 MAKES HIS WAY TO THE EMERGENCY SWITCH, AND -----

AAAAHHH ---!
LIGHTS --BUT
BELFRY IS
GONE!



HMMM! --WHAT'S
THIS?



GUTTINGHAM STEEL
WORKS •
ANTONY PLACE
RIVERSIDE
*Be there with
the Plans!*

WONDER WHO DROPPED
THE CARD, BELFRY OR
THE MYSTERIOUS MAN
WHO CALLED ME?
DOESN'T MAKE MUCH
DIFFERENCE! -- I'D
BETTER SCRAM OVER
TO THOSE STEEL WORKS!



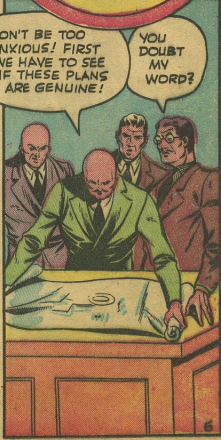
IT'S ABOUT
TIME, BASKERVILLE!
WE WERE GIVING
YOU UP FOR
LOST!

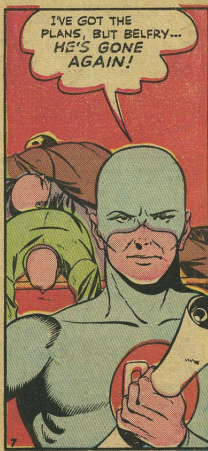
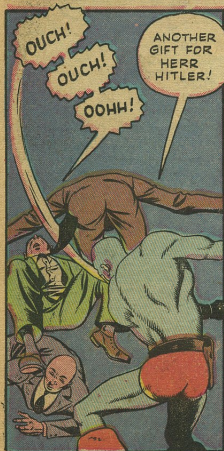
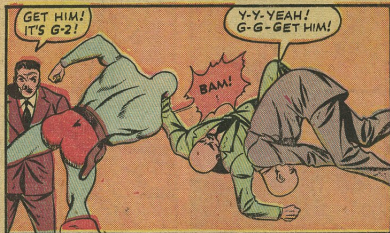
THE
MONEY?
HAVE YOU
GOT THE
MONEY?

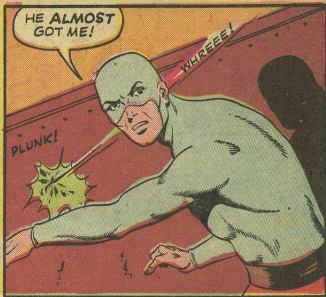
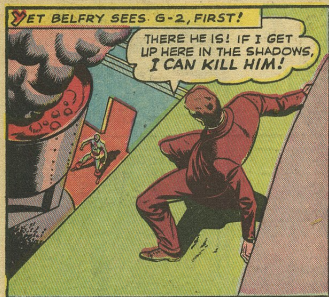
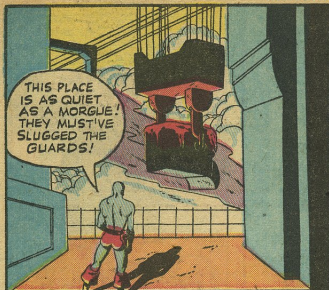


DON'T BE TOO
ANXIOUS! FIRST
WE HAVE TO SEE
IF THESE PLANS
ARE GENUINE!

YOU
DOUBT
MY
WORD?

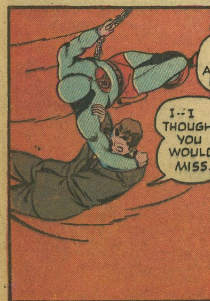
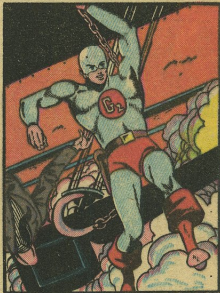
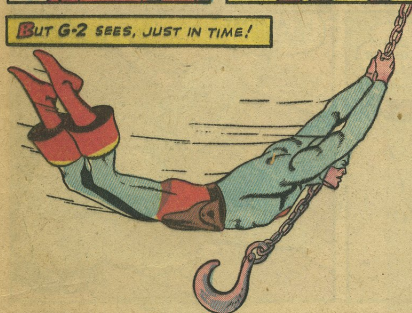








BUT G-2 SEES, JUST IN TIME!



WHY DID BAGBY BASKERVILLE LIVE AFTER HE WAS SHOT? WHY WAS THE ADDRESS OF THE STEEL PLANT LEFT ON THE LABORATORY FLOOR? ... WHY DID BELFRY MEET A WELL DESERVED FATE AT THE HANDS OF THE BROTHER HE THOUGHT DEAD? ...

WE DON'T KNOW!- IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE GRIM HAND OF FATE!



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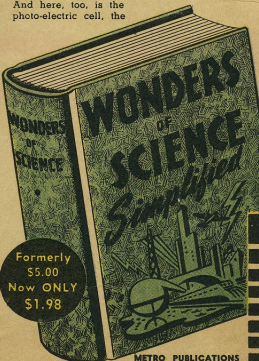
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